Jovial Songster,

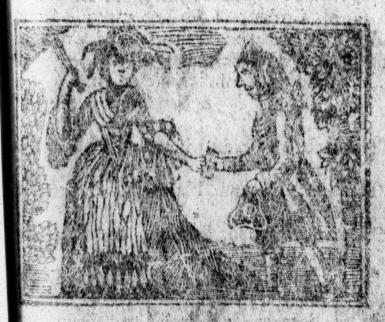
LAUGH AND BE TAT.

L. Croppies, lie down.

11. The Joily Miner's Song.

11. Chelles Quarters.

IV. My Bonny Highland Laddie.



ALSTON:

PRINTED EN Y HARROY

CROPPIES, LIE DOWN.

Do

Un

Th

But

A

An

For

Do

1471

On

We

And

00

Bu

Will boild upon Repels, and Frenchmen our fame,
We'll fight to the left in the honest old

canfe, And guard our Religion, our Freedom and

We'll fight for our Country, our King, and his Crown,

And recording to the second of the second of

The large to bold when the first of the second

reactive to measured line fraction of the following

Transplantage or fathor, and ele-

e de la company de la company

An diches, or callus, the Croppies "

Down, down, Croppies lie down.

And wherever we march, &c.

United in blood to their country's difgrace, They feeretly shoot whom they dare not to face,

But when we can catch the fly regues in the field.

A handful of Soldiers makes hundreds to yield;

And the cowards collect but to raile our renown,

For as foon as we fire the Croppies lie

Down, down, Croppies He down. And the cowards collect, &c.

While they in the war that unmanly they wage,

On Woman herfelf turn their bloodthirfly

We'll fly to protect the dear creatures from

And the ter them fafely when class'd in

On love in a Soldier no Maiden will frown, for blefs the brave boys who made Cropspies lie down,

Do

An.

4

Con

Inc

Succ g

The

M

The fre

a.

sur !

H

fut i

Down, dawn, Croppies, lie down On love in a Soldier, &s.

Should France e'er arrempt by art, or by guile.

Her forces to land on the Emerald Isle, We'll shew that they ne'er can make free Soldiers flaves, and the sp

And only possess our green fields for their graves;

Our Country's applauses, our triumphs we'll crown.

While low with the French, brother Crop pies lie down,

Down, down, Croppies lie-down, Our country's applauses, edc.

When wars and when dangers again thall be o'er.

And peace with her bleffings revifit out floure,

When tolls are relinquished, no longer we so

With pride will our families welcome we but a home.

And drink as in bumpers past trouble Pa they drown,

A bealth to the lads who made Croppia he down,

Down, down, Croppies lie down.

And drink as in bumpers past troubles they drown,

A bealth to the lads who made Croppies lie down.

THE JOLLY MINERS' SONG.

9

all

ALK.

to

165

10

HERE is a new Mine true blue called by name,
lelongs to the Miners of honor and fame;
lone fill the Can formerrily,
and let this health go round,
success to the Miners that work under
ground.

There's two Men from Bilhoprick and Men of great renown, there's two Men from Cornwell, and one from Derby Town; the Country all round, the Country all round,

Farmer's delight is winning his Corn, at Huntimen delight in blowing their Horn; but the Miner's delight is to split the rock

fo found,
And all their delight is working under ground.

An

To

MV

Fui

ln

My

Sometimes we have money, and femetimes none at all,

Bur thank God I have credit, and for it I do call;

Come fill the Can fo merrily and let, this health go round,

Success to the Miners that work under ground.

CHELSEA QUARTERS

COME hear an old campaigner's fong.

A british soldier's story.

Who oft has train'd a martian throng,

To noble deeds of glory.

But let not boasting swell my praise,

Who've fac'd not balls and morrars,

In hopes to spend my latter days

With peace in Chelsen quarters.

On Iwampy grounds and burning fands,
In march and counter marches,
I've met in fight the hoftile bands,
And funk beneath my gaines.

Tel innate valour cheer'd my hearts.
The fear the coward flaughters,
And he that takes a foldfier's part.
Secur'd me Chelfea quarters.

5

15

er

To fay what foes my arms has fluid,

Would daftard be so venture,

My duty ne'er regarded pain,

In van, in rear, in center;

Full oft I've drench'd my fword in blood,

And forded many waters,

In hopes when war shall cease to flood,

To fix in Chelsea quarters.

and heaven bless his Majethy.

The leaves a various flever.

Grown old and hack'd of as you fee,

He pention'd me for war:

My tent is fix'd at last for life,

And fale from tomes and thortain.

The kingdoms unge etc. and finite.

I'll ne'er quir Chelses quarters.

SIDDAL DAL PROITE YAROS !!

I moon-light on the are in.
I here leds and laffes them.

(* *

How fuect this bloffoms bendy.
How fiveer the new more pay a
But not to me follower.
The bloffoms on the chara,
As when my lad I meet.
More fresh than May-day more.

Give me the lal fac blith and gay,
Give me the Totton plainy.
For fpite of all the wife can lay,
I'll wed my Highland laddic,
My bonny Highland laddic.

His thin is white as frow,

His cen are conny blue,

Like refe-bud liveet his mon,

When wer with morning dew a

Young Willy's rich and great,

And fain would by the busy a

But what is a whom which,

Without love a finding bulk?

Give methe lad

When that he talked of fore,

Its look of the White and gay,

Her flame I aid approve,

And could be say from may;

There to the kirk I'm halte,

There prove my love and truth;

Reward a love free acite,

Which wed the contact youth,

Give the the me

